The
COMMONWEAL

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Dumbarton Oaks

THE proposed world organization which is the fruit of the Dumbarton Oaks conference has been violently criticized for being nothing more than window-dressing for an armed alliance under which the United States, Britain and Russia (with China and France as auxiliaries) propose to rule the world. Such alliances, we are told, do not last and tend to hatch out a new progeny of wars. Futhermore, the severest critics of Dumbarton Oaks see in the proposal an effective weapon against social change or social progress—a means of preserving the *status quo*. They become so violent in their views that one wonders whether they would not prefer a totally unorganized world to a world organized under such terms.

Basically, of course, these critics are right in what they *want*. They want a world organization which frankly curtails sovereignties, in which the rights of small nations shall be the same as the rights of great nations, in which fair play and justice and fraternity shall prevail. It is right to want these things, and to use them as a criterion. But they must always be wanted with an understanding that they can never be achieved, and hence with a resolve that the failure to achieve them shall never lead to bitterness, shall never tempt to despair.

The Dumbarton Oaks proposal is, indeed, a slightly decorated scheme for a power alliance which shall rule the world. What else would you expect? The League of Nations was not so intended—from the point of view of the political moralist, it was a much better-designed instrument, nearer to the heart's desire—and it failed. You have at the heads of the three principal allied nations men acutely aware of power, men convinced that power must play its great rôle in the governance of the world. No one of these men is a Wilson (the parallel between Wilson and Roosevelt is purely circumstantial, utterly unreal as far as the characters of the two men are concerned). Their natural bent would be toward thinking that only in their nations' hands is the peace of the world safe. And—what is more—for the immediate future they are right. That is the real trouble with the Dumbarton Oaks proposal. It fits only the short space of years immediately ahead of us. It tends to freeze a political pattern which—by the way—does not yet even exist: the pattern of a world in which Germany and Japan no longer count as powers and in which Great Britain, Russia and ourselves are in fact the only source of power. It lacks not only the elasticity which any viable constitutional instrument must have, it is bare of the seeds of accommodation to change.

Thus the whole device of "permanent" seats on the supremely powerful "security council" is grossly unhistorical and constitutes not only a root for future dissension, but a tool for tyranny. Suppose that the Constitution of the United States had given an equally dominant—and *permanently* dominant—status to Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. It is a safe guess that either the Constitution would have been revised, or what is now the United States would have been an unimportant congeries of small sovereignties.

The dominance of the Big Three for a few years following the termination of the war is inevitable. But, in the interests of realism, it should not be regarded as a cornerstone on which to build a new world.

In war men's minds become fixed upon the task at hand—the defeat of the enemy. It is not a propitious time for the making of constitutions, any more than it is for formulating major social or legislative reforms. The argument that only in wartime is the community sufficiently keyed up to awareness of the need for change, that in peacetime apathy will frustrate the enactment of deserved reforms, is not only foolish, it is dangerous, and can be cynical. Legislation rushed through in a crisis is like a marriage contracted in the small hours after a hot party. For what

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we want—or will tolerate—in peacetime is what we *really* want, or *really* tolerate. Hence we believe the Dumbarton Oaks proposals should not be acted upon until some time after the peace settlement has been worked out. In the light of that settlement, they may seem good; they are more likely to seem strangely myopic. The value of the labor which has produced them does not lie so much in the product, but in the labor itself—the association in reasonable working harmony of representatives of nations upon whose working in reasonable harmony the immediate peace of the future truly depends.

The Plight of Small Business

THERE IS nothing which in itself is particularly virtuous, efficient or socially desirable about the phenomenon of small business. Yet there are two major reasons why it must be preserved as an American institution at all hazards. The first is this: it is the means of livelihood and comparative economic independence of millions of our citizens. Some businesses might do better to reorganize as cooperatives, where they would have the advantage of group buying and the steady sales which their cooperative membership would afford (in this case, of course, small proprietors would become employees of the cooperative). This might work for a corner store. But for a great variety of smaller enterprises such a process would be far from simple.

The possibility that the bulk of our smaller enterprises turn cooperative is in fact a slim one. What is likely—and this leads to the second major reason—is that thousands of these comparatively modest ventures will be absorbed by larger corporations or simply go out of business because the conditions of competition have become too stiff. This would mean an even greater control of industry by large enterprise. It would tend to have a strong restrictive effect. Profits must be maintained under all conditions, and where control of an industry is highly centralized this is possible under reduced output so long as a handsome profit per unit is maintained. This was the case with many of our larger corporations during the early 30's. Reduced output means laying off workers when the management becomes fearful about conditions and another acceleration of the dreaded depression spiral. The prevention of centralization and control by larger corporations is therefore in the public interest. Smaller enterprises in good financial health are important in combatting industrial monopoly and its bad effects.

From the very outset the war has speeded up an already alarming trend toward centralized industrial control. The CIO *Economic Outlook* reports that by 1942 some 5 percent of all United States firms were employing 76 percent of the workers. The hundred corporations which received 86 percent of the government contracts in 1940, still had 70 percent of the work three years later. And today more than half of the vast network of government-owned war production plants are operated by only 31 corporations. It is understandable that under the pressure to achieve results socially important factors in the situation should have been neglected. That simply makes the current situation all the more precarious.

All this gives to the process of reconversion the highest strategic importance. Since the bill providing for this operation contains so many loopholes, the most important single factor in the situation is the identity of the personnel yet to be appointed by the President to the Property Disposal Board.

Considering the $16,000,000,000 worth of industrial plants constructed at government expense, the vast stockpile of manufactured commodities and raw materials and the millions of acres of arable farm lands to be disposed of when hostilities cease, reconversion can be utilized to bolster or to cripple our American economy. The property disposal bill makes some exceptions in reserving power transmission facilities for cooperative and public power projects. It also provides that larger plants engaged in the production of aluminum, synthetic rubber, magnesium, iron and steel must not be sold without giving Congress 30 days to review the transaction. Otherwise there are very few rules as to the disposal of our war surpluses. How that is done is largely up to the three men whom the President is to appoint to the Disposal Board. Much will depend on their points of view, their connections, their conception of the job required.

If larger corporations preempt the available supplies and get them at a terrific bargain—there were many such instances after the last war—smaller competitors will be driven out of business. A few companies will control the field. If ample credit facilities are not provided so that smaller companies can bid on equal terms, the results of the disposal transaction will often be the same. The present state of many of our small businesses is such that they require every sort of facility and protection, if industrial and financial control is to be so divided that full production, tending toward lower consumer prices, is to be achieved.

The government tracts of farm land provide a case in point. Either they can be sold to agricultural corporations which mine the soil, exploit migratory labor and take over the market from the smaller farmers. Or they can be disposed of—especially to veterans—in smaller acreages adapted for the diversified cultivation of family-type farms. This again would depend on the foresight of the Disposal Board and the creation of needed credit facilities. Much is at stake in the disposal of America's war surpluses.

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The Elections

OF COURSE one can forget about the war. The change in the season, the leaves rustling in the paths, the color of the American autumn are not images of war. In the autumn it is the solitary promenade in the park with the architecture of the house apparent through the denuded branches of the elms, or it is the schoolboy, while his comrades are at football, who presses his running nose against the window pane, blows his nose into wet handkerchief, and always afterward, the rumor of the boys cheering at the football game will alternate with the Debussy theme which the mathematics master in the room above repeated again and again throughout the long afternoon attempting to reach the indicated speed. One can forget about the war and that does not mean only about the soldiers, the American, the German, the Russian, the British soldiers and every kind of soldier and every kind of misery; or only about the imprisoned and the hungry, and those who have been separated from those they love, and also from their homes; and those who have no homes to return to or to dream of returning to; or only about the cities which are destroyed and the villages in the countryside which are ruined and one might as well try to rebuild them somewhere else.

Forgetting about the war one forgets about all the rest also. All the rest which made the war, all the hopes which followed the last war, all the efforts to prevent this war, all the extreme disappointments. One forgets the men and the scenes. Tardieu reading the draft of the peace treaty in the Chamber of Deputies, the park at Versailles, the delegates coming out of the palace after the signatures. M. Avenol in the gardens of the League of Nations in Geneva complaining that someone had poisoned his peacocks, Briand speaking, Léon Blum speaking at Luna Park with the merry-go-round and the shoot-the-chutes, Stresemann speaking; the place names having some connection with hope, Thoiry, Locarno; the voting that once in a while went well, the popular assemblies seeking justice and peace; the first fears also, the first threats, the moment in Italy when for the first time one realized that people did not dare speak their minds, the first men who went to jail for their opinions, the first betrayals. And if it is quite possible to forget about the war, that means also forgetting entirely about what is to come after the war. Forgetting even to want anything in particular after the war. So that it is not just that one forgets the pilot who knows that his controls are shot away, and the plane slips and turns into the dive, or the French prisoners who have been in Germany since 1940, or the Italian children, or the Spanish children who are hungry; it is not just that one has looked at the newsreel and then away, or at Thérèse Bonney's photographs of the children; it is not just the present that one dismisses but the past which prepared the present and, forgetting the war, we drift purposeless into a future prepared by others or not at all.

One can forget about the war and the state of the nation and the state of the world but it will be just as well not to choose Election Day as a suitable moment to dream about roasting chestnuts and the new smell of the wood fire, the smoke coming out of the chimney, the trees no longer concealing the Hudson River. On Election Day the citizen must dismiss the nostalgic season, admit the war to his mind, enter into the immense complications of the war, share the burden of the war, mend the hopes which were broken by the war, reanimate them and direct them.

It is too late to vote against having any war at all, it is not the historical process through which we entered the war that we are voting about, it is within the war that we are voting, not after the war or before the war. We are voting within the war, within the machinery of the war, we are voting to direct the machinery of the war, to give direction to the war, we are voting to give a direction and a purpose to the peace which is included in the war, which the war is forming. We are not voting for jobs after the war, as if we were voting now, and it was already after the war, we are voting to direct the war so that in the peace which is included in the war there will be jobs for the men who survive the war. Our vote brings us into something which is in process, ensures the continuity of something which is in process. Our vote carries us into the anxiety, the doubts, the efforts and the hopes which surround us. Our vote cannot be an evasion; we cannot vote to start thinking at some later date; we cannot say that someone is taking care of the war, that the soldiers are taking care of the war, and that when the war is over we can start things in this country as if there never had been a war. The war goes back in our lives and forward in our lives; we are held in the war and in a permanent anxiety. We can only vote for the men, the candidates, who are held in the war and who share our anxiety.

It is a question of who is held in the war, who is struggling to bring peace out of the war, and who is not. I disagree with many of the views held by Mr. Thomas, but he is held in the war, agonizedly, and with all his conscience and intellect and generosity he is struggling to bring justice into the world. His candidacy is a legitimate one, and Mr. Thomas is in the heart of the debate; he has no chance of being elected.

Another candidate is frivolous.

I shall vote for Mr. Roosevelt.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Christian Democrats in France

The men and the problems

Paul Vignaux

THE PRESENCE in the government which General de Gaulle has formed in Paris of three Catholics known for the prominent part they played in the struggle against the nazis and the Vichy régime has attracted public attention. They are François de Menthon, who already on the Algiers Committee was Commissioner for Justice, Pierre Henri Teitgen, Commissioner for Information, Georges Bidault, Commissioner for Foreign Affairs. Never have Christian Democrats held such a position in a French régime. It is our aim to analyze, as objectively as possible, the importance and meaning of their presence in the government.

To begin with it must be pointed out that the very notion of Christian Democrats derives from a typically European situation: a situation in which, generally speaking, the democratic spirit in various European countries, seems, or had seemed, incompatible with a religious tradition and specially with the Catholic faith.

Such, to an extreme degree, was the situation in France after the establishment of the Third Republic. Toward the end of the nineteenth century Catholics and Republicans formed two distinct worlds in which they lived separate and hostile. In 1892 Pope Leo XIII intervened, urging Catholics in political life to accept unreservedly the established régime and to *rally* to the Republic. The Christian Democrats of that period must be very clearly distinguished from those Catholics who *rallied* to the régime —of whom the best known was Count Albert de Mun, a conservative of monarchist background who accepted the fact of the Republic's existence—for the Christian Democrats did not have to rally. Indeed, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the Christian Democrats were young Catholics who had never been monarchists, who were born under the Republic which they loved with almost mystical fervor. That was the time of the famous *abbés democrates,* deep in social and labor action, of the militants in the youth groups of the *Sillon,* or of the left wing of the Catholic Association of French Youth.

Their tradition spanned the war of 1914-1918 to reach the young men who were twenty, or even younger, in 1919. Their first struggles, in the universities and schools and among their young comrades, was against the *Action Française* which, more than a monarchist group, was a school of positivist political philosophy and of a pre-fascist nationalism. Between 1920 and 1930 the young Christian Democrats selected as their greatest enemy Charles Maurras who in his old age was to become the leading theoretician of the National Revolution, Pétain style. The adversary was well chosen.

In 1924 a political party was founded under the name *Democrate Populaire,* which until 1940 was represented in the Chamber of Deputies by some fifteen deputies. Before the armistice, Bidault, Teitgen, de Menthon were militants of this party which, because of the French Electoral system, had some difficulty in keeping its identity separate from groups further to the Right, and consequently in increasing its parliamentary representation. Other Christian Democrats formed the little group of the *Jeune République* whose position was clearly to the Left. At the National Assembly in Vichy, July 10, 1940, out of the eighty parliamentarians who voted against the grant of plenary powers to Marshal Pétain, there were three deputies of the *Jeune République* and three leaders of the *Democrates Populaires.*

The main strength and numbers of democracy being, in France, traditionally anti-clerical, the burden of proof lay upon the Catholic Democrats; they had to show beyond dispute that they were in fact independent of, unattached to, and uncoerced by that clerical Right which admired fascist or semi-fascist régimes. This independence of mind and intention was particularly demonstrated by the Paris daily paper, *Aube,* founded in 1934 and of which Georges Bidault soon became editor-in-chief. Anti-fascist circles took note of the paper's stand on sanctions against Mussolini, Ethiopia's aggressor, on its attitude toward the Spanish Civil War, and finally at the time of Munich. The Christian Democrats from this moment forward were classified among the partisans of what already was called the *policy of resistance.*

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Aube influenced the *Democrates Populaires,* the men of the *Jeune République,* and numerous Catholics belonging to no party, for example, the Christian Trade Union membership and the

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militants of Catholic youth movements which, after the founding in 1927 of JOC *(Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne)*, had become more dynamic. The group which had formed round *Aube* was not unconnected with the quite different groups of the weekly *Sept* and of the magazine *Esprit*. At *Sept* and at *Esprit* took place a meeting between two Catholic currents which for a long time had been separated in France: the movement for social action, which was of democratic tendency; the movement of intellectual and spiritual renewal of which Jacques Maritain is the best known representative. It will be remembered that this second group turned toward democracy after *Action Française* was condemned by Pope Pius XI. Thus was formed, from different elements, the group which was to be, between 1940 and 1944, the Catholic resistance to Vichy and Germany, the spiritual resistance expressed by the underground publications, *Cahiers* and *Courrier du Témoignage Chrétien*.

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Yet what interests us here is not to study the resistance movement on its specifically religious plane but to look at the specifically political positions taken by Catholics within the political groups of the resistance movement. The great rôle played by the Christian Democrats was due to the fact that, although possessing a small parliamentary representation, their group was rich in militants, and by militants I mean men in possession of a social ideal, completely disinterested, belonging to the middle classes, or to the lower middle classes, and who are not remote or isolated from the popular masses. These militants lent their strength to the resistance groups while they were still in formation in the autumn of 1940. François de Menthon and Pierre Henri Teitgen founded at that time the first group of democratic resistance in the southern zone, *Liberté*, which, a year later, merged with the group called *Combat*. Furthermore, the social origin and training of these militants were factors which made them peculiarly suitable for liaison work between groups of radically different origins—for instance, between the militants of the suppressed parties of the Left and the patriots coming to the resistance movement from the groups of the Right. A year before the liberation of Paris Georges Bidault became president of the National Resistance Council.

By taking so firm a stand against the Pétain régime as well as against the nazis, the Christian Democrats gave to the anti-clerical Left new and decisive proof of their political independence. They were independent of the clerical Right—even of the high ecclesiastical personages who lavishly praised the Marshal and all his works. Thus in the history of Paris, August 1944 is linked to February 1848—there were Christians present once again in a democratic and revolutionary movement.

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Now that we have borne witness to these men and to their courage we may be permitted to look at the problems they must face. And this in certain measure will be to outline some of the principal problems which now face France and which must be solved by a liberated France.

The first problem is ideological: the existence of Catholic Democrats is not accompanied, necessarily, by a clear conception of the relationship between Catholicism and democracy. As Father Ducatillon has remarked, no philosophical work, or hardly any, had been carried out in France concerning this question between the days of the *Avenir* group, condemned in 1832 by Rome, and those of Maritain's work, these recent years. Yet such a work is necessary, for practical purposes it is highly necessary, in order to bring light to bear upon the relationship between politics and religion—an old problem in the French Republic which has been allowed to lie dormant yet which has never died. And the Christian Democrats should remember that a certain evangelical tone or a confused moralism worries rigorous theologians just as greatly as it is a source of anxiety to men who do not belong to the Faith. Especially today, in a France and in a Europe in the throes of a deep crisis which is spiritual as much as it is political, the danger of pseudo-mystical solutions for temporal affairs will not disappear with Hitler's fall. An effort toward clear thinking is more needed than is anything else if we are to eliminate the survivals of fascist states of mind.

This work of clarification is the more necessary because, at least up to the present, the French Christian Democrats do not stand out in the resistance movement with the clear characteristics of an organized group, as for instance do the Christian democrats in Italy, or as, in France itself, one can clearly distinguish communist groups and socialist groups. The French Catholic Democrats seem merged in the great and confused movement born of the resistance groups. But this movement ferments with contradictory tendencies. On the one hand, and this is the very natural consequence of a feeling of diminution and national humiliation, there are men in this movement who are dominated by a metaphysics of national sovereignty, preoccupied with rebuilding even—they speak of founding, of creating—the French State, and who are capable even of exalting that State into a moral entity defined by the sacrifices its citizens make on its behalf. On the other hand, and in a more spontaneous manner, the vitality which the nation

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has shown in its resistance to Germany and to the traitor Vichy state, leads to a renewal of the revolutionary tradition. And this force shows itself in a federative spirit, in a tendency toward a government by assembly in which, as in Switzerland, all executive power emanates directly from the assembly representing the people. We do not yet know the choice the Christian Democrats will make between these two tendencies.

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Before the war they were drawing clear of the Right and were moving toward the Left. It would be a great source of confusion if tomorrow the Catholic Democrats were to gather round them, through the use of vague formulas, the general mass of Catholics. Even when the Government was still in Algiers, a leader of the moderate Left expressed his concern about the possible formation of a "Catholic Party." The Christian Democrats must persist in keeping their positions distinct from those of the parties of the Right.

But what, tomorrow, will be the Right? With André Philip we believe that the conservative Right will take on a technocratic form: it will seek to reinforce the executive power by providing it with a corps of highly placed civil servant technicians, managers, who will direct economic and political life. And that will constitute a new problem for all democrats—be they Christian or not. Heirs to a certain spirit of 1848, the Christian Democrats now must face the technical difficulties of 1944. For instance, how is the program of nationalization adopted last spring by the Council of Resistance going to be carried out? How can that program be implemented and yet permit an increase in France's productive capacity and in her participation in international exchanges — two problems which seem to us of primary importance. And if in their approach to these problems the Christian Democrats move away from socialist conceptions, they must not be put in the position of appearing, in the view of the masses of the people, simple defenders of capitalism. Will they know how to become one among the democratic groups who have understood that if yesterday the capitalist represented the principal danger of exploitation and oppression, the danger tomorrow may well be incarnated in the State, master of the national economy?

France's destiny more than ever depends on her foreign policy. One of the most precious traditions among Christian Democrats is that they admired the policies of Aristide Briand. That policy tended toward collective organization of peace, it was full of psychological resources, and it made an intelligent appeal to public opinion. It is that spirit which now must be brought to meet the new circumstances. France, after her trials from 1940 to 1944, may become hypersensitive, inclined to stiff and desperate pride, if not to a retreat into herself. Yet she must now find her place, take her place in a renewed world, carry her curiosity far beyond the narrow confines of the lands bordered by the Channel, the Rhine, the Mediterranean. Russian power has modified the traditional shape of Europe the other side of Germany. On the other hand, the West is no longer France and England alone, it is the United States. No French political group will be fit to face its responsibilities if it does not expand its thinking to the dimensions of these great facts. It is always the hour for courage. Now it is the hour for political courage and that demands, first of all, intelligence. Tomorrow there will be no true grandeur for France save in political intelligence. That is what we must wish for our friends in France.

Democracy and the Purists

Wrecking democracy from within

Yves R. Simon

OUR ENEMIES seem to have made the best of their military defeat. They expect almost immediately to have their revenge in the political, diplomatic, social and moral orders. Were they to win in those domains, they would find themselves in excellent shape to make ready their military revenge. So we may look forward to a more and more furious intensification of the ideological campaign at present being waged. Today, just as it was yesterday, the enemy is helped in his ideological offensive by a cloud of sly accomplices, only half knowing or not knowing at all what they do, by well-intentioned yet ill-informed people, by folk who are naïve and by folk who are too artful to be honest. Our problems would be a lot easier if the enemy always

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took pains to disclose his identity by waving his flag.

Whenever you read documents springing from the storm centers of this world struggle, for instance material published in the French underground press, it is impossible not to see that the war is more and more taking on the aspect of an international civil war, the stakes of which involve the whole setup of social and political life, as much if not more than any question of national boundaries. The members of the French Underground, worthy witnesses of France's destiny, have fought both for the expulsion of the invader and for a *democratic and social republic*. What is true of France is equally true of several other countries, and in varying degree of all the peoples of the United Nations. This is so obvious that when we take note among ourselves or among our allies of actions stemming from an anti-democratic philosophy, we feel that such actions are unbearably out-of-order and constitute a threat to the very heart of the cause for which our men are fighting.

What a boon it would prove to the enemy were he to succeed in making us believe that we are the victims of a silly dream and of a swindle: that a democratic and social republic, the democracy of the common man, inalienable rights, the government of the people, by the people and for the people, the end of special privilege and of monopoly, freedom to work, the right of assembly, trade union liberty are all *things practically ruled out*, no matter who wins the war. What a boon to the enemy, were he to succeed in making us believe that no matter what happens, the cause of democracy is doomed by the sheer weight of events and by the will of the powerful, that the ultimate triumph of dictatorship is sure, and that the only undeniable victor, whatever may happen on the field of battle, will be the totalitarian state!

Among the men who today are spreading disheartening prophecies there is one particularly dangerous type—the simon-pure democrats. Like all purists, they are vested with the authority which comes from intransigence, an authority which generally does not cost them very dear. In some cases they have the additional authority of transparent honesty—of an honesty all the more attractive since it easily lends itself to counterfeiting and easily furnishes a mask for bad faith. Here are men of principle; men who are clean in an unclean world. In accordance with an old German proverb, these people think that each of us should keep his own doorstep immaculate, and that of all dangers to democracy, those visible in our own camp should be the most fervently opposed. They are far from being entirely in the wrong; if they were, they would be less dangerous. They practice a scrupulous vigilance; the least threat sets them on the alert, provided that threat originates at home. As thoroughgoing, exacting and narrow democrats, they keep an exact reckoning of every sin against the democratic principle appearing in the societies nominally dedicated to the cause of democracy. The sum total is frightening. The accountancy practiced by such purists gives birth to skepticism, to political non-participation, to desertion—and the interests of the enemy are thereby well served.

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The indictment these purists make against the democracies of today is this: the democracies have shown themselves inclined to take over certain institutions and certain practices which have won popularity in the totalitarian states; by yielding to such inclinations, the democracies will in time become true totalitarian states, while preserving a mask well suited to deceive those who might oppose the process. What are we to think of this accusation?

At the outset it should be noted that absolutism is the constant temptation for all states, no matter what their structure. Our forefathers may have believed that democratic institutions would eliminate the leaning of the state toward absolutism; we now know that they were mistaken. Today absolutism takes the name and the form of totalitarianism. When you say that present-day democratic régimes are tempted to become totalitarian states, you merely remind us all—and very opportunely—of a truth constant throughout the ages.

Be it further noted that any identification of the essence of democracy with any one of the particular patterns to be found in the history of the nineteenth century is utterly arbitrary. Without any doubt certain democratic institutions current during the nineteenth century are today inadequate and should be finally scrapped. Classical democracy has always been associated with a liberal policy in its economy. A liberal economy has in large measure become impossible. But why need democratic government be inextricably linked to an economic system which was merely a passing interlude in the history of mankind?

Finally we must note that the totalitarian system would never have acquired that power of attraction which enabled it to conquer so many nations and to acquire so many friends in all the nations of the world had it not constituted an answer to real, general and lasting needs of the political, economic and social situation. An answer which we know to be facile, wrong, criminal and in every way execrable, but a determinate answer to a demand which would suffer no postponement.

Had there not been, within the social reality, a need of such a nature that the totalitarian régime was able to palm itself off as a solution, the adventurers, the fanatics, the corrupt men

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and sadists who make up the totalitarian parties and their Pretorian guards would readily have found other employment: they would have become gamblers, agitators, *agents provocateurs,* informers, gangsters, ward-heelers, anarchists, traditionalists, conservatives, liberals, democrats or what have you. If so large a number of them chose rather to become the tools and exploiters of the totalitarian state, it was because circumstances were favorable. Now what do we mean when we say that circumstances are favorable to the birth of a new political and social form?

We mean that there exists in society, as the result of an accumulation of *faits accomplis,* happy or unhappy, which no human will can cast aside, a whole constellation of needs which find no satisfaction in existing institutions. These *faits accomplis* are of general concern, prove lasting, and affect the daily lives of great numbers of persons. Constantly millions of men, confronted with these facts, feel that painful surprise, that depressing paradox, and finally that blinding anguish which bring to birth in the mind those inevitable questions which a baffled society seems unable to resolve. Why is it that the party which springs up and gains possession of the confidence of the masses is a totalitarian party in preference to any other? Clearly enough it is because that party's program is *on the surface,* a specific answer to the questions belaboring most men's minds. However false and illusory, the answers of the totalitarian party seem to be the appropriate answers; otherwise they would fool no one. They resemble the truly appropriate answers. But every resemblance is mutual. So we reach the conclusion that the answers truly appropriate to the problems which have given birth to totalitarian régimes will have a certain resemblance to totalitarian institutions and practices. An illusion must look like a reality; otherwise it would not be an illusion. Thus, if it should happen that we discover reality only after having gone through a phase of illusion, we shall find that reality resembles the illusion.

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Let us examine, for instance, two great and related problems, the use of the labor force and the distribution of wealth. Modern industry not only can but must produce abundance at the cost of a reduced amount of human labor. To the extent that industrial progress tends to diminish the demand for labor, the number of the unemployed, *all other things being equal,* tends to increase; and as the unemployed have nothing to exchange for the goods they need, we are confronted with the paradox of poverty in plenty. The solution, clearly, is to see to it that all things be *not* equal. The nazis found one answer. They rescued their youth from abject poverty, from idleness, from vagabondage, by putting that youth into camps, the graduates of which are today excellent assault troops and excellent torturers. The adults they put into the army and into the munitions factories. Soon unemployment had disappeared. The people were happy. The entire world applauded and did not fail to point out that these anti-democrats had done far more for the common man than all the democrats and liberals in the world. The course of events has shown that here was not the right answer, for it led to vast crimes, to tombs by the million, to cities utterly destroyed. There are today in Germany several million mothers who look back longingly to the good days when their sons were out of jobs. And the end is not yet.

We may well compare the measures taken by the totalitarian states to solve the problems of using the labor force and of the distribution of wealth with the measures taken by the American democracy in trying to solve the same problems. The external resemblance between the two is at times striking. Hence certain critics, whose motives and inspiration must be appraised in each individual case, claim a right to say that totalitarianism is growing within the United States while American armies fight against it abroad. What an odd totalitarianism is one which has furthered the development of a labor movement powerful beyond anything yet known in America! But let us take as an example one New Deal enterprise which bears a particularly striking resemblance to undertakings favored by the totalitarian countries. In many respects a CCC camp is very similar to the youth camps which sprung up everywhere under the egis of nazism, fascism and their satellites. As is true of the totalitarian camps, a CCC camp is a government institution aimed at giving young people work to do, a sense of social discipline, and an opportunity to learn a trade. But who would be foolish enough to say that a CCC camp represents the same social, moral and human reality as the sinister organizations in which the totalitarian states trained their élites of young criminals? I would rather see all my own sons dead than to see them regimented in some Hitler Youth; I would be proud to see them wearing the clothing of the CCC boys. Both institutions had obvious resemblances to each other for the very good reason that both were, in part, answers to the same question. One of these answers was honorable. The other achieved the extreme iniquity of systematically perverting young souls. There lay all the difference.

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The circumstances created by a state of war have forced the democracies to set up a network of State control over social life which vastly increases, in the eyes of superficial or of ill-willed

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observers, the points of likeness between democratic society and totalitarian society. During the years immediately after the war, when shattered peoples will almost simultaneously have to solve the transitory problems arising from the war and the permanent problems arising from the great technological changes which have taken place during the war, we must expect that state control will increase for a time, and that we shall hear more and more pious homilies on the growing totalitarianism of the democracies. These need not disturb us so long as the principles and institutions which constitute the soul of democracy are preserved.

In a democracy it is possible and necessary that the state preserve close control over large business enterprises if only by means of such control can one avoid, as a consequence of the development of huge private monopolies, the enslavement of the state and the exploitation of the public. It is possible and necessary that the state have all the power it needs to protect the nation against possible abuses of the right of assembly, against unjustified strikes and every sort of threat which powerful social groups might be tempted to make against the common life of the nation. It is possible and necessary that the state set up strict controls against inflation and against every major unbalance between production and the market. It is possible and necessary that the state undertake unprecedented measures to insure the actual distribution of the products of labor in the economy of abundance which we shall see arise, in all likelihood, very shortly after the factories have finished working for the war and have completed the more urgently needed tasks of reconstruction. It is possible and necessary that states be equipped with effective weapons against the poisoning of the public conscience through the press and against the exploitation of the school system by destructive ideologies. That all of this involves great risk no one will deny. But is it not obvious that the societies which will survive the tests of our day are those which will show themselves ready and able to face and overcome the most fearful dangers? Moreover, the life of a human society has never been like a gilt-edged bond: in our age and generation, more than ever, is it not wise to make the best of it?

What matters above all is that the principles which lie at the heart of democratic freedom remain at all times embodied in institutions ready to resist implacably ever threatening perversions. The moment the state seeks itself to accomplish economic tasks which can without *manifest* detriment be accomplished by private groups; the moment the state seeks to suppress the liberties of trade unions by setting up an all-embracing official union, even under the guise of establishing some dubious "corporative order"; the moment the state seeks to suppress local liberties by arrogating to itself the appointment of local officials; the moment the party in power votes itself privileges tending to build a one-party system; the moment the state seeks to establish a monopolistic control over education; the moment it threatens the freedom of the family; the moment it begins to dictate the verdicts of the law courts; the moment it threatens the liberty of the Church—*those are the moments to see red.*

As long as the strongholds of democratic liberty—private enterprise, property, the free trade union, local autonomy, genuine elections, an independent judiciary, the freedom of the family, a free school system and a free church—remain present to exercise their duties of vigilance, resistance and progress, the democratic state can go as far as is necessary in the great task of general planning and organization which lies ahead as an inevitable necessity for every people in our world.

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When purists are something more than mere hypocrites, they are usually optimists who can imagine a just society only as an ideal system of relationships, the harmony of which shall be sheltered against the slightest disturbance. Yet you must know very little history if you do not realize that what justice human societies can truly achieve is always precarious, and must be struggled for in a mighty struggle at every moment in the life of all peoples. In the last analysis democratic purists make a mistake altogether analogous to that of those French conservatives who, from the time of the Revolution until our own day, have so badly misrepresented what was best in their own cause. Despite the violence of their language, they had not the souls of militants but rather the souls of frustrated conquerors. They kept dreaming of a great *coup d'état* the effect of which would be to bring France back to the straight and narrow path, and which would give promise of keeping her there by means of police supervision. Once the *coup d'état* had been brought off, and the enemy had been forever disarmed, it would at last be possible to banish nightmares and to enjoy life. Thus the democratic purists would like to see set up a régime which would be absolutely forbidden, by virtue of some magic necessity and in spite of our own surrenders, distractions, cowardices and treacheries, from degenerating into a totalitarian state. Such a friendly necessity is fully as much a myth as Aladdin's lamp. And the purists seem to be vaguely aware of this: otherwise they would not take refuge, as they are accustomed to do, in the splendid isolation of their negative attitudes.

The fundamental mistake, doubtless, is to assume that there exists somewhere in the world

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a formula able to satisfy our sense of justice while at the same time freeing us of the rigors of a fight which will never be finished. Either we must give up our idea of an easy life or give up justice. Those who are willing to suffer for justice their whole lives long will find it entirely simple and natural, in no way strange, that it should be impossible to establish a state without at the same time establishing a power which leans toward absolutism; that it should be impossible to establish a modern state, democratic or otherwise, without establishing a power which leans toward totalitarianism. Resolved to take all the general and particular risks implied in the activities of a modern state, such men will labor with passionate industry for the defense and expansion of autonomous centers in social life which will be able to hold in check, at the cost of a never-ending struggle, the absolutist tendencies of the state. And such men will never have the time nor the desire for an easy life.

Communications

MISSION SUNDAY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In the problem of post-war planning the question of mission aid is one that brooks no denial. It is a need which must be met, not alone in the future, but in the immediate present as well. For this reason we wish to announce to your readers the importance of Mission Sunday observance held on October 22 at the request of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, under the general auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The men and women in our armed forces have viewed first hand the glorious achievements of our missionaries at home and in the foreign field. Now we realize, as perhaps never before, the need for spiritual as well as monetary aid if our bishops, priests, brothers and sisters are to continue and enlarge their gallant rôle of "Soldiers of Christ."

They must be sustained by our prayers for the conversion of souls, the strengthening of the missionaries themselves, and the fostering of vocations for this apostolate among the youth of America. Finally they must be aided by help which will make it possible to rebuild the thousands of stations which have been destroyed during these long years of devastating warfare. Therefore on Mission Sunday, October 22, we ask our faithful people in prayer and almsgiving to answer this universal call to help the missions of the Catholic Church at home, in the Far East and in the Near East.

For further details contact the Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

RIGHT REV. THOMAS J. MCDONNELL,
National Director,
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

ASSAULT UPON DEMOCRACY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I read Monsignor Ryan's article about my poor self. It gave me a great thrill. I am grateful for the author's admission that he has not read my dull volume but judges my political views from occasional articles. Yet being a reactionary by nature and temperament, I do not think that sheer intuition and mere guessing are a genuinely sufficient substitute for factual knowledge.

"The Menace of the Herd" (i.e., volume I of my *chef d'oeuvre*) was published in very fragmentary form because the publisher and the editor objected to numerous passages, notes, remarks and quotations. The question of public reaction, size, marketability thus interfered to my great sorrow with my project. The heralded second volume, which alone can give a rounded and coherent view in connection with the first one, is not going to be published because I flatly refused to have this time an iota of my text changed. I insisted on having my own way. The publishers uttered their *non possumus.*

Unless Monsignor Ryan acquaints himself with my published and unpublished volumes he can hardly speak with authority on the intellectual vagaries of the sinister Mr. Campbell. Ninety percent of the questions he raises can be found answered in one of the two volumes. If he had read pages 1-12 of the "Menace," he would have seen that I do not use the word *democracy* in the daily connotation but in its classic sense as adopted for well over 2,000 years by Plato, Saint Thomas, Saint Robert Bellarmine or the Founding Fathers. "Democracy-as-we-all-mean-it" is a hopeless term because every Tom, Dick and Harry gives to it a different interpretation. Not only the editors of tabloids in Atlanta, Georgia, and Portland, Maine, would differ on the meaning of the word *democracy* but even Monsignor Ryan and Dr. Adler, both *aficionados* of "democracy," would hardly agree. As to "authoritative dictionaries," I know of none. Why then be bothered by an ocean of vague notions and not stick to an interpretation readily recognized by all persons with a classical and/or theological background? Yet I still don't think that my long and involved argumentation can be adequately discussed in a *weekly* publication, however erudite its reading public. I have certainly no wish to waste your precious space and consider this correspondence, for my part at least, closed.

FRANCIS S. CAMPBELL.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have no intention of barging into the war which your Mr. Skillin and Monsignor John A. Ryan have started on Mr. Francis Stuart Campbell and his views on "Democracy." I am, as my friends know, a naturally irenic person, for one thing, and from my knowledge of Mr. Campbell's writings, I don't think he needs any assistance from anyone, and assuredly not from me.

All I want to know is why the word *ochlocracy* disturbs anybody. My impression is that its etymological

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ancestry is as old and as distinguished as that of *aristocracy* and *democracy* and its meaning fully as clear as that of either of the other two terms.

And, speaking of "democracy," I should be interested to know how often the word is to be found in the writings and the speeches of the Founding Fathers, and in which connotation it occurs—if it does occur.

Finally, I wonder if Monsignor Ryan and Mr. Skillin remember that the Constitutions of Wyoming and Kentucky (circa 1890) formally include in their condemnation of all "arbitrary" power that of the "majority." I am struck with the fact that most people seem to be unaware that a particularly tyrannous rule is possible under strictly "democratic" forms, at the hands of an "absolute," i.e., unrestrained majority. This is a dangerous delusion, and one to which a Catholic, at least, should be immune. Many of us talk of "democracy" as if we were not.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

DEAR SAILOR WALSH

Brisbane, Australia

TO the Editors: I have just finished Judge George L. Quilici's "Dear Sailor Walsh" in the August 4 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. It was most refreshing and satisfying, and to say that I was mentally refreshed is an understatement. Judge Quilici has placed the issue so fairly, squarely, simply and dispassionately before Sailor Walsh that I feel strongly it should be made available for many thousands more to read. Can't this letter be reprinted, and widely circulated? Aren't there agencies that will handle an effective distribution? The CIO, PAC? The Democratic National Committee? Perhaps we should thank *Coronet* for its shortsightedness (am I too fair?) in not publishing Judge Quilici's reply; it might well have died, unread, in that magazine's limited circulation. This is an important document, and it *must* be read. I vote for a reprint, and put in my order now for as many as I need to send to my friends, at home and abroad.

GEORGE L. GLASHEEN,
Lt. Col. AUS.

The Stage & Screen

Bloomer Girl

INCLUDING at once a superabundance of conventional makeweight plus a good bit of flashing invention, the latter element supplied by Agnes deMille, the show is long, large and divided. In its inception and rehearsal, one rather suspects the producers—J. C. Wilson and Nat Goldstone—to have proceeded like the Sabine Men of Andreyev's play: "Two steps forward and one step back!"—a fairly impatient progression to watch. To begin with, it seemed to me that the round possibilities of the book were never fully realized, either in the writing or staging. Outlining the activities of the reformer and feminist, Dolly Bloomer, in a small upstate town, the authors, Sig Herzig and Fred Saidy (everyone goes in pairs these days, have you noticed?) oppose to this protagonist a prolific local manufacturer of hoopskirts, one of whose daughters rebelliously joins the Bloomer army of trousered women, assists in the escape of a runaway slave, goes to jail, helps to produce a weird abridgment of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and intermittently shuffles to and fro her reactionary Southern sweetheart. All to music. On the eve of the Civil War the curtain falls with everyone jaunty though exhausted. Crammed into a sentence it will appear that the doings are furious; nevertheless, spread over some ten scenes, they are not, alas, fast, and I found that almost every opportunity for apt satire and wit was ignored. A convention of hoopskirt salesmen, for instance, provoked neither comment nor quip on American business, merely another scene. On the whole, the show is without laughter, built, with the exception of one wonderful song, "I Got A Song," of humdrum lyrics to music which is memorable mainly because one seems to have heard it before. Costumes and sets by Miles White and Lem Ayres, respectively, are stunning.

However what interested me the most was the quarrel in style occasioned by the employment of Miss deMille. It is true that the problem of exposition (the narration of offstage events and circumstances) is the most fiendish to the playwright, and I think it even possible to say that by various novel solutions to this problem the stage has historically advanced as a concern of creative writers and *régisseurs*. The spoken employment of the narrative tense (*he was, they were*) in order to achieve present action is a delicate, often a dull business, and in a piece of the size and noise of this one, either an impossibility or an obvious evasion. In opera of course, the deed can be done with music, but in musical comedy this means is chiefly valuable for the purpose of identification and re-identification of situation and character, rather than preparation or explanation. Here, the unachieved ideal would seem to be a kind of abstract *expository action* to be used to introduce the main events of a scene, and this technical innovation Miss deMille has at one point brilliantly accomplished in this show. In a Civil War Ballet she presents the war in its entirety with balance, feeling, striking design, some beautiful dancing. In an exact space of time, the struggle is experienced and emerged from by the audience. Nevertheless, when the curtain again rises, on the final scene, what is our surprise to discover that for the characters of the play the war has not even begun; that in order, evidently, to achieve the traditional ensemble finale, here are all the principals and the ensemble singing the boys off to the front and the house to its assorted homes in a reprise (in pun) of the very opening song of the show. The facts of the just previous ballet are denied; its technical significance is denied; it *has not been,* or if it has (and certainly it has, we have seen it!) it is merely another dance number. *"One* step forward and *two* steps back!" This element of confusion exists throughout in the handling of Miss deMille's work. In the "Uncle Tom" sequence I am not sure that she herself is not responsible, since here the jerky and incessant mutations from pure to parody (incomprehensible to the audi-

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ence, hampering to the plot) recall her last year's offering at the Ballet Theater, "Tally-Ho." She is, I should say, the most exciting exponent of a new and vital form to be glimpsed on the theatrical horizon and one wonders how long she is to be limited by the obtuseness of producers or by her own disparity of idea. Certainly in this affair, every transition of mood, every time-skip of the story could have been effected by her dance designs to result in a tight, complete, smashing, original musical play. Too bad.

A word for Richard Huey whose singing of the "I Got A Song" ballad stops the show. Engrossing performances are also turned in by Celeste Holm; by Joan McCracken, who is all-over, singing fairly and dancing lickety split; and by Margaret Douglass, who gives an incisive and sardonic portrait of the original Bloomer Girl herself. Critics of Miss Holm keep reiterating that she cannot sing. I find that not only can she sing sufficiently, but more, she can act; a combination heretofore only demonstrated by Gertrude Lawrence. Undoubtedly Miss Holm can apply herself with advantage to learning a good deal more craft, but she cannot learn what she already has—personality and manner, and the ability to play in character no matter who else is doing whatever on the stage at the moment. (*At the Shubert.*)

Ballet Theater

RATHER than examining singly particular pieces and players, perhaps it will be only necessary to tell you that this excellent company is again being presented by S. Hurok at the Metropolitan Opera House for a fall season.

Listing such names as Riabouchinska, Toumanova, Dolin and Lichine, together with an amazing number of eloquent younger dancers, the repertory achieves a fine balance between the classic and recent enchantments. I would like to mention that this "Sylphides" appeared to me the most perfectly haunting I have seen, with particular stress on the work of Alicia Alonso, whose dancing joined the exact amount of hush and wingedness to the nostalgic lilting music.

"Fancy Free" this year I thought undoubtedly improved without the composer conducting; if somewhat slower, it has gained in clearness and the dancing is increasingly sensational. And, although it is impossible to do justice to the more intellectual conceptions of Anthony Tudor in such short space, his kind of constantly arrested choreography seems to me absorbing, certainly especially suited to the literary "Lilac Garden" where the abrasive Chausson music is used (I hazard) as a counter-irritant to increase the intensity of the frustrations under view. However, this piece is, I think, of very small size. The revival of Lichine's "Graduation Ball" returned this dancer and the adorable Tatiana Riabouchinska in an agreeable if insipid affair of school-girls and soldier-boys, notable chiefly for the pervasive quality of virtuosity displayed in the dancing, especially in John Kriza's delighting "Drummer" and in the *pas de deux* of Alonso and Richard Reed. (*At the Metropolitan Opera House.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

What Are the Young Girls Saying?

LAURA, who is played by Gene Tierney in the picture of the same name, is trying to say that she is also responsible for murder because she placed herself in such an unusual position of debt to the man she thinks is guilty. Her reasoning does not hold water; neither does the movie. But *"Laura"* is one of the most interesting murder mysteries I have seen in a long time. Otto Preminger, who gave the film its fine production, also directed its well chosen cast. He stressed an atmosphere of foreboding in a background of glittering, sophisticated New York society, and he insisted on characterizations that were more than stock figures in just another who-dun-it. His success is due to the well written screenplay (based on Vera Caspary's novel) and the cooperation of his cast. Gene Tierney, looking lovelier than ever in a series of smart gowns, portrays the title rôle with more glamor than depth; but she is by no means the whole show. The people involved in her murder (this is no secret because it is announced at the picture's beginning and part of the story is told in flashbacks) are as important as Laura. Clifton Webb as the alexanderwoollcottish, sees-all-knows-all columnist responsible for the girl's meteroric rise in the advertising and social set, Vincent Price as the decadent Southerner (older and softer than the fading aristocrat he played in "The Eve of St. Mark") engaged to the attractive Laura, Judith Anderson as the worldly woman who thought her wealth allowed her to grab Laura's fiancé, Dorothy Adams as Laura's faithful maid—these are the suspects pursued by the hard, clever inspector (Dana Andrews) described as the only detective who ever fell in love with the corpse. It would be unfair to give away the clues in this extraordinary plot that it built up with good suspense and sinister implication. The movie plays a dirty trick on you, but I won't give that away either, because "Laura" is for the discriminating mystery fan. Even he who guesses the murderer before the conclusion will enjoy watching this intelligently designed film.

Lana Turner, who plays the beautiful heroine in *"Marriage Is a Private Affair,"* is trying to say that she is afraid of marriage. Unfortunately she says it again and again, almost to the point of tedium. The movie makes no pretense that her case is general. It starts right off with a big wedding scene in which Lana is marrying John Hodiak and wondering "What on earth am I doing here?"—a question I hope few brides are pondering at the altar. Flashbacks, emanating from Lana's pretty head, show us the steps in the whirlwind courtship from the first moment Hodiak saw her at the officers' club; but they do not explain how she became so neurotic on the subject of marriage or why she chose Hodiak out of her host of admirers. No doubt we are supposed to believe that because she is a product of a fast social set and more particularly of a superficial oft-married-and-divorced mother, she is haunted by fear of failure as a wife. Like most neurotics, she talks about her fears too much—and almost talks herself to Reno. Even after becoming a mother she continues to worry. Of course, acting occasionally like a pin-up girl doesn't put at ease either her

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perplexed husband or the ex-suitor (James Craig) who turns up after 22 months. And when the distraught wife goes to her husband's friends to learn how to be happy though married, she discovers that three of them are involved in a triangle indicating something rotten in their particular state of matrimony. That this unusual problem film is at all interesting is due to Pandro Berman's glossy production and Robert Leonard's direction. The cast is better than the script which is based on Judith Kelly's rather flimsy novel. Lana Turner, giving her best performance to date, shows that she can act as well as model stunning clothes—of which she has plenty in this extravagantly dressed movie. How the heroine comes to her conclusion is not entirely clear, but she finally decides that she probably could have made a go of it with any of the men on her string; furthermore marriage is a private affair so she might as well stick to the man she's got.

The two girls in *"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"* are not particularly trying to say anything but to be young and gay. This film version of the popular book by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough is neither as youthful in spirit nor as bubbling with gaiety as the original or its own title. Perhaps the task before Producer Sheridan Gibney and Director Lewis Allen was too difficult, for while they were able to visualize the substance of the book they were unsuccessful in capturing the charm of its writing. Too often the film's script is pedestrian and too often the action resorts to slapstick and satire of the conventions and costumes of the period. Gail Russell, as Cornelia, and Diana Lynn, as Emily, are delightful to watch in their enthusiasm and naïveté as they leave Bryn Mawr in 1923 and go on that first thrilling schoolgirls' trip to Europe. But their adventures are only mildly amusing. Occasionally Director Allen makes their mishaps seem funny, as in the sequence of the ship's concert or the swank dinner at the Savoy, where the girls are being treated by Cornelia's parents (played by Dorothy Gish and Charles Ruggles) and where the girls arrive in white cloaks that shed clouds of rabbit hair. But the episodes in the maze at Hampton Court, or on the roof of Notre Dame Cathedral where the girls are locked out all night, or in the hotel lobby where their boy friends (James Brown and Bill Edwards) engage a couple of Frenchmen in absurd fisticuffs, are too overdone in the burlesque manner for the gentle comedy that this is trying to be. I wish "Our Hearts" had laughed more with the girls instead of at them. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING. *Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton.* $3.75.

FOREIGN INFLUENCES IN AMERICAN LIFE. *Edited by David F. Bowers. Princeton.* $3.00.

So Rich a Past

THERE are in a man's life, or in the life of a nation, the most extraordinary solutions of continuity. We remember a childhood but not all of a childhood, only a house, but not all of the house, a room in a house, or only the sound of a carriage on the graveled drive leading up to the house between the elms, or only the fountain playing in the garden where the alleys met amid the roses, or only the iron statue of a hunting dog with his paw on an iron pheasant. And then, after childhood, there may be a gap of years until there is something else to remember, and then another gap, another memory. And with a nation it is that way also. With a nation's memory. There will be the revolutionary heroes, and then someone such as Jefferson, and then some ship fighting a British ship, and then Lincoln, and then, crowding together into the present without chronology, Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Hanna, Grant, Morgan, Wilson—and then the two wars. With the writers it is even more that way. There are the books in the Sunday literary supplements of the newspapers and everything that is not there belongs to an undifferentiated past.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks in his studies of American writing has undertaken to bring some order into the American memory of the past. His present volume "The World of Washington Irving" produces a greater effect of surprise than did his previous books on New England. For we were aware of New England—it would be almost impossible not to be aware of New England's contribution to our literature—but we were not at all aware of what was happening in American writing in the early years of the nineteenth century. The world of Washington Irving was one from which Irving and Cooper alone survived—and only as names inseparable from other names. For instance from the name Rip van Winkle, from the name Natty Bumppo. Irving and Cooper had accomplished with the Americans who followed them what they had accomplished with the Europeans of their times—self-identification with the Dutch legends of New York, with the Indian life in the New World. They filled their world for posterity with their own figures. And that was all posterity remembers of their world. One would have thought there was no one else. Mr. Irving so related to the Dutch that one forgot that he was the son of a Scottish merchant and that he thought the Dutch were comic; Mr. Cooper, who lived in a wonderful country house, so Indian that one thought of him always as Leatherstocking standing by a lonely lake in the forest. Thanks to Mr. Brooks it now appears that there were vastly more interesting and indigenous figures than that of Irving, though not than that of Cooper, traveling all over the American scene, incredibly busy everywhere, in the North, in the South and on the frontiers toward the West. They were naturalists, explorers, painters, preachers, actors, novelists. There were so many of them that the task of bringing them all together in one volume was immensely difficult and it has been ably accomplished. There is some overcrowding, but that is inevitable and doubtless there will be plenty of biographers who now will take from Mr. Brooks the figures which seem slighted by him and produce full length portraits.

It is a curious result of Mr. Brooks's investigation into the lives and writings of the Americans of 1800 that a physical picture of America, the woods, the rivers, the cities, should constitute the remaining impression of his work. A curious result mainly because one pre-supposes a literary history to be concerned with books and of course, in fact, it is. But books are always concerned with the world in which they are written, and never

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more so than in America at a time when the American landscape presented such immense and novel interest. The landscape was new and unexplored, the men who looked upon that landscape were living in a world in which everything was new. For the most conservative among them their past was a new past, their conservatism a new conservatism; there was, for them, a new and pressing urgency to relate their minds to a past before that past could vanish. The New Yorker had to hasten to collect what he could of New Amsterdam before the Dutch traditions, the Indian traditions, were lost entirely. For the naturalist, the botanist, for Audubon, for Wilson, there was an immense need to look at birds which had never previously been observed, to take stock of a new nature. And for those who looked ahead at the country's future all they had to do was to take a few steps and they would be out of its past. From 1800 to 1840 anyone who thought in America thought about America. Because the Revolution had made the nation and now was the first time that men could look at the nation and see what it was. They did so, they described what they saw, and Mr. Brooks has rephrased what they said so that we have a picture, an extraordinarily interesting picture of the men who observed and also of what they observed.

Impact from Overseas

IT IS remarkable that the thirty-five million immigrants who have come to our shores during the past century have made so little impress upon American ways. The speed with which some of these newcomers sloughed off the culture of generations is extraordinary. Nowhere is the phenomenon more convincingly or more poignantly expressed than in O. E. Rolvaag's novel, "Giants in the Earth." But the culture of older nations has not entirely been left behind; the influence of the various national strains which have fused to produce the United States of America is extensive and complex. So modest a study as "Foreign Influences in American Life," (between 1820 and 1941) can deal only with certain facets of the question.

David F. Bowers, who edits the volume, points out how the great influx of later immigrants disturbed the atmosphere of social equality which obtained among those who had been over here longer. Then as conflicts arose over national groups which were willing to work for lower wages, various forms of American nativism such as the Know-Nothings came to the fore. The natural tendency of the newcomer to lose his accustomed ways of doing things in the bewilderingly strange pioneer America was accentuated by nativist pressures upon all immigrants to become Americanized as speedily as possible.

James G. Leyburn puts the strongest emphasis on the fact that culture, or ways of viewing and doing things, is acquired not inherited. This is an important point of which nativists and racialists should take note. Frank D. Graham after some strangely over-simplified incursions into European history finally reaches the conclusion that "we . . . are not very confident of the kind of society we want to establish when we are free to do what we will." He does not believe that the United States has been particularly successful in fusing the elements of our famous melting pot.

Oscar Handlin does not find that the immigrant has had much positive influence on American political ideas. He was trying too hard to learn how to conform and too much under the sway of the city bosses, who were actually highly solicitous for his well-being, to strike out on a line of his own. "Clericalism," in this author's opinion, made certain national groups even more submissive to existing political forces.

The section on American Art, by Donald Drew Egbert, contains material of the widest general interest. He is of the opinion that the most influential foreign influences were those which harmonized with native tendencies already present. One of his most charming examples is that of the Düsseldorf school of painting which included as students a number of Americans and went well with our characteristic literalism, practicality and respect for technical virtuosity. There were moments of Greek and of Gothic revival in nineteenth-century America, but the lack of any single dominant tradition is the most characteristic thing about our art. The fine halftones which embellish this chapter greatly reinforce Mr. Egbert's well thought-out conclusions.

Mr. Bowers returns at the end to analyze the influence of Hegel and Darwin upon John Dewey—and through Teachers College, Columbia, it may be added, upon American public schools. His succinct summary of the Dewey credo explains some of the basic defects in our dominant educational ideas: the theory that man is only one animal among many, that intelligence is a function of the body of the same category as breathing and a function which man happened to evolve as a tool for survival, etc., etc. Is there a more striking modern instance of the blind leading the blind?

A book such as this has to go in for the broadest generalizations. Only occasionally do they fall wide of the mark. Mr. Bowers, for instance, seems to think that while in the past it has been France and Germany which most interested thoughtful Americans, "today, under the pressure of international affairs, it is the culture and institutions of Latin-America which occupy our interest." Where did he get that idea? And Frank D. Graham, no doubt encouraged in his views by the tenor of many American Catholic writings, is obsessed with the idea of identifying authoritarianism with Catholicism. In his view even the early Church suffered from this defect, for it "developed a hierarchy and supported a system of caste in the secular world." That obsession colors all he has to say about the development of economics from the earliest times.

Each section of the book is supplied with a handsomely detailed and descriptive bibliography. Considering its fragmentary approach to the subject, the volume presents solid nuggets of information about the impact of foreign influence on our national life.

More Books of the Week

Timeless Mexico. Hudson Strode. Harcourt. $3.50.

THIS IS a popular but rather well-written history of Mexico. The author, a professor at the University of Alabama, has traveled widely in our neighbor republic, and has a deep feeling and sympathy for its people. The principal value of the book lies in its more or less expert recounting of the recent history of the republic, for a great deal has been written and at more length about Mexico's early times. It is only for those who have read little or nothing of Mexican history that

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the first chapters can serve as an introduction and a kind of outline of Mexico's troubled and confused story.

Anyone who writes about Mexico, unless he be a complete fool, must write also about the Church in that country, and the sad fact is that many Church-haters have had a legitimate field day in recounting the results of their research in that country. Mr. Strode's anti-Church bias is more subtle than most. It consists in a certain emphasis, a certain choice of words and errs in omission rather than commission. The Church in Mexico has probably been as corrupt as any place in the world. The Abbé Domenech, attached to Maximilian's court, described certain Mexican clerics as "Rascals worthy of the gibbet, individuals who make of religion a traffic," and his remark is borne out repeatedly by the observations of other priests, both Mexican and European. But one must be definitely biased or else so lacking in subtlety as to disqualify oneself for historical research to ignore the great deal of good accomplished by the Church in Mexico. Mr. Strode, like so many of his predecessors, hurries by the Church's early accomplishments and permits his tone to go quite flat when recounting such matters as Archbishop Martinez's support of the oil expropriations. And surely there is enough in the Church's Mexican history to prove it was corrupt without pruning quotations from Madame Calderon de la Barca to make nuns appear as sybarites. After relating the elegance of the supper served at a certain convent, Madame Calderon de la Barca wrote: "The elder nuns helped us to everything but tasted nothing themselves." Both Mr. Strode in this book and Ernest Gruening in his "Mexico and Her Heritage" use this same quotation about the banquet and make the same peculiar omission of the sentence quoted above.

Historians seem to agree that no good history of Mexico has been written and that Prescott was primarily a stylist. Someone like Francis Borgia Steck or Paul Murray will have to judge Mr. Strode's treatment of Mexico's early history. About its more recent history, I have fortunately been able to make a few observations of my own. Mr. Strode is at some pains to establish Saturnino Cedillo's Catholicism, with such phrases as "private chapel" and "passionate Catholic devotee," when the plain fact is that Cedillo was not a Catholic, was a Mason, and denied his Catholicism in front of a number of witnesses, including myself. And Cardenas, for all his good works, is certainly not the Sir Galahad the author makes him out to be. Nor do we find more than passing reference to the activities of Maximino Camacho, the president's brother. At times it almost seems that Mr. Strode fears to say an unkind word about any living Mexican possessed of influence.

Mr. Strode uses phrases carelessly, such as "swing back to Catholicism," when there was never any large-scale movement away from the Church. And he slaps Garrido Canabal lightly on the wrist as the "flamboyant one-time dictator of Tabasco" when Canabal was the instigator of the bloodiest religious persecution of modern times in Mexico, another thing that Mr. Strode hurries past, trying hard all the time to be a good little liberal.

There are several dozen points on which one might differ with Mr. Strode. And at times one wonders just what Mr. Strode does believe in, since there are hints that he feels numerology played a part in Mexico's destiny and he assures us solemnly that "dogs instinc-

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tively trusted" Obregon. But he is often on the side of the angels, and is quite objective in writing of the frequently unpleasant influence of our own country. Most of our Presidents have felt friendly to Mexico, but they have appointed some pretty strange people to the Embassy there. One of them was a shifty-eyed corporation lawyer named Henry Lane Wilson. When Francisco Madero, probably the gentlest and kindest man that ever ruled any country on this continent, was overthrown and assassinated, to be succeeded by the murderous Victoriano Huerta (not to be confused with Adolfo de la Huerta), Wilson wired back to Washington: "A wicked despotism has fallen."

If you can take some of Mr. Strode's book with a grain of salt, it can serve as an introduction to Mexican history, or reading preliminary to a trip across the border. In any event it is highly readable. HARRY SYLVESTER.

Enough and to Spare. Kirtley F. Mather. Harper, $2.00.

THE supposed fact that this earth cannot provide food and other resources sufficient for a population bound to increase throughout the years is frequently advanced as a reason why men and nations will continue to struggle for possession of what there is—with war as the inevitable result.

In this book a geologist combines the authority of knowledge with rare vision in showing that both the above assumptions are false. Population trends indicate a saturation point not far beyond the existing one, and the earth can supply enough for all in any foreseeable future. It is up to man to use wisely the scientific and technical knowledge he has acquired.

Two appendices give information and statistical data concerning natural resources and their uses.

Nature's stored capital—coal, oil, metallic and non-metallic minerals—the author shows, are in no danger of giving out over the world as a whole. The renewable resources—water, power, soil, etc.—need only development and intelligent care in order to last forever.

But, though the earth is bountiful, her favors are distributed in such manner as to impose interdependence on the nations. No one country can live to itself alone.

So the critical question is whether the two or three billion human beings inhabiting the earth "can be satisfactorily organized for the wise and equitable distribution of resources that are abundant enough for all, but are unevenly scattered over the face of the earth." If they are to do this, men must use all the diligence they possess. And they must accept unreservedly the principle of abundance and the fact of interdependence.

But then, the author states, there remain two ways in which organization can be accomplished, namely, regimentation or persuasion. The latter, the democratic way of organization, implies intelligent, self-determined cooperation. It is infinitely more efficient in the long run in coordinating human activity even in purely utilitarian pursuits than regimentation can be. The latter is easy to put into practice but it builds up tensions at the bottom of the heap which have no relief except through revolution.

But the choice between the two methods should not be made on that ground alone. "The good life cannot be appraised in terms of goods." The effect on the human spirit is what counts and, from that point of view, everything is in favor of democratic organization.

In planning for the future, the author writes, we must recognize that the "revolution of our times involves the transition from international anarchy to international order and the advance from an uncontrolled, competitive economy to a regulated cooperative economy." Thus, the importance of the individual becomes apparent. Each has his particular contribution to make.

Throughout long ages the evolution of man has been toward larger and more complex units of society until, at last, he has come face to face with the need of integrating the largest existing units into an international organization. The goal is freedom for the individual and security for the group. But the attainment of that goal is not inevitable. Man must choose wisely or all that he has attained will crash down about him. He must learn to use scientific methods and knowledge for constructive purposes or he will destroy himself with the products of his own genius.

"The path of life is strewn" according to Mather "with the dead bones of those who failed to make the necessary adjustments to the new conditions of the times." Science and technology have opened the way to the good life of universal freedom. The earth *can* be made to furnish enough for all if men will only learn to get along with each other.

The issue is joined today. Its end is peace or ruin. And the end is not foreordained. If we understand the story this book has to tell we will understand, too, that the only obstacles to a better life for all lie in the minds and hearts of men. WILLIAM AGAR.

The Road to Foreign Policy. Hugh Gibson. Doubleday. $2.50.

THERE they stand on the shelves, gathering dust—the books on the peace and the brave new world. Each represents a brilliant sortie into the stratosphere, an exercise in the fantastic. Each carefully details the kind of world we *must* have after this war. There they stand on my groaning shelves, as the realization grows that their chief contribution will be to indicate once again how men react to the stress of a great emotion.

Frankly, I feared this volume was on similar lines. I approached it with distaste, but was pleasantly surprised to find that "The Road To Foreign Policy" is as current as a press summary, and far more intelligent. I read Mr. Gibson's spirited defense of Mr. Murphy's appointment as aide to General Eisenhower on the day the Washington *Post* ran a two-column editorial attacking Secretary Hull for supporting his choice. It is a minor tragedy that the editorial writer could not have read:

> This sort of appeal to the government seems to be based on the assumption that Mr. Murphy made up his mind as to what he wanted to do (*in l'affaire Darlan*) and that an ignored and henpecked government meekly followed along.
>
> Much of this criticism arises from a fundamental misconception of the diplomat's duties. We do not hire him to be amiable to those he likes and rude to those he disapproves. So long as we maintain diplomatic relations with a country, it is the duty of our diplomat to get along with those in office. He may thoroughly disapprove the same men that people at home are denouncing—he may yearn to explode in righteous anger. But he is not there to indulge himself in that way. The day he adopts an attitude of public hostility his usefulness is ended and he is under the additional reproach of having made things harder for his successor.

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What the impatient critic does not always realize is that the diplomat, while maintaining a public attitude of friendliness, is often speaking with plain and brutal frankness in private. This need not impair his usefulness if he confines his frankness to those with whom he has to deal officially, and if he does not allow any personal animosity to creep into his behavior.

A diplomat can always be sure of applause if he indulges in rough talk. That is supposed to be proof of his sterling Americanism. It is proof of nothing of the sort —only of his unfitness for his job.

The volume is more than a justification of the career diplomat, interesting in light of the recent appointments to posts in Europe. It is an appeal for the formulation of fundamental objectives in our foreign policy. The author demonstrates that the resounding international declarations, in which we have placed such trust, have no relation to reality; nor has our almost superstitious belief in the value of signed agreements brought us any nearer our goal. We have tried to achieve peace by incantation; we have indulged in simplified solutions; we have pinned our hopes on paper plans. We have urged that our varied and contradictory proposals be accepted as a matter of religious faith and defended against all unbelievers. We have tried to remodel the world to our own image, without reference to others' aspirations or their desire to collaborate. Since all these efforts have led to frustration, it might be well to resurvey our position. Mr. Gibson's volume is a recommended beginning.

J. N. MOODY.

Democracy Begins At Home. Jennings Perry. Lippincott. $3.00.

THERE are whole areas of American life where democracy is as much an alien thing as Ruth amid the corn. Particularly this is true in our poll tax states. It is about the struggle to restore democracy to one of these states that Jennings Perry writes. In the past two years I have read most of the anti-poll tax literature. But this book, surely, is the best of it. For Mr. Perry has reduced all the arguments against the taxes to their simplest and most cogent level. It is impossible to be honest and to read this book and to accept any longer the specious rationalization for this kind of American tyranny. And in writing this book Mr. Perry illumines one of our dark places; points up the irony of one of our incongruities—that we fight abroad to guarantee democracy abroad, and kill it here at home.

Mr. Perry is the editor of the Nashville *Tennessean,* a paper (Mr. Perry insists that newspapers have distinct personalities) which took some slow and aching time to arrive at a sense of justice on this subject. After which it led the attack on the Crump machine and, therefore, on poll tax legislation. So intelligent, so right, so politically wise, so able to present the case for democracy was it that Tennessee's legislature repealed the tax in 1943.

But, as everyone knows, the Crump machine appealed from the legislature to the courts. And the state Supreme Court, owned now by Boss Crump, maintained the antique and absurd position that a succeeding legislature could not repeal the acts of a former one.

But it is not only the courage and audacity of the fight as here revealed, or the present erection of those labyrinthine verbalisms the courts are capable of, that lends this book its special and exemplary interest. It is, also, the revelation of hypocrisy and ignorance on the

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part of those whose callousness allows them to perpetuate a system historically designed to destroy free government. For Mr. Perry shows with truth and logic and honesty that the poll tax is a fraud; that it was historically born, not in a time of "nigger fear," but during the Populist revolt. And that it was written by the same kind of people who, in Federalist days, wanted the few to rule. He shows that of the ten million disenfranchised by poll taxes more than six million are white. And that the "white skies still stand up" in those states that have repealed the tax. And he shows, moreover, that the tax was always designed to disenfranchise since it was never meant to be collected. That, in fact, in Alabama, Virginia and Mississippi officials' attempts to collect the tax are forbidden or discouraged.

Democracy does, indeed, begin at home. To attempt to create it abroad, and as yet so inconsequentially, and to deny it here is one of the most ironic of our political actions. But the poll tax will go as surely as life. "For this fight always was too right, ever having been begun in earnest, whether at Concord or Nashville, to be lost."

FRANCIS DOWNING.

William Sidney Mount. Bartlett Cowdrey and Herman Williams. Columbia. $5.00.

AS Van Wyck Brooks rambles through long, sunny days in the age of Washington Irving, scholars are beginning to tap the art of the same period. Romantic American art, so-called, enjoyed a revival at the Museum of Modern Art last winter, and a showing of Hudson River School painting is already being projected. Now Miss Bartlett Cowdrey and Mr. Herman Williams deliver the first monograph on William Sidney Mount.

Mount, born in 1807, preceded Walt Whitman by just half a generation and, like him, also came from Long Island. His father, a prosperous farmer and innkeeper, died when the lad was 7. Not long afterwards the mother moved to the farm of her paternal parent and there, in the country, the future painter lived until he was seventeen. This rural background flavored his life. Though he would study first as apprentice in ornamental and sign-painting and even attend the National Academy of Design, he presently returned again to his beloved countryside on Long Island. He tried New York twice more, in 1829 and again in the mid-30's, and thereafter always shunned the city for the country.

At first painting portraits and even historical machines in the vein of the grandiose West, Mount soon learned that such was not the course for him. He preferred country fiddlers, rural bargainers discussing a horse-trade, eel-spearing near his native Setauket, or stolen naps under a shady tree. He delineated such scenes with grace and aptitude. For besides having an attachment to such rural beautitudes, he was a conscientious workman. He seldom worked unless he had a personal motif, he almost always refused to paint to order, and he studiously consulted the methods of such popular masters as Teniers and Jan Steen. Certainly he did much to originate a native genre-painting, and he left a modest body of competent work still capable of providing pleasure. The present volume incorporates these matters successfully. Its text is concise, its illustrations abundant, and its check-list and bibliography good.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

Slavery and Freedom. Nicolas Berdyaev. Scribners. $2.75.

A PROPHET, like an apostle, must speak in or out of due time. Berdyaev therefore has the right to shout his message from the housetops, even if nobody seems to listen or if those who listen walk away as the Athenians walked away from Paul on the Areopagus. But if your message does not stand the test of being that of a prophet anointed by the Spirit, do you have a right to broadcast it? In the first place, a prophet's language is simple in the sense that you can understand him, even when he speaks in riddles, because speaking in riddles is not the same as speaking confusedly. The Teuton and Slavic idea that profundity of thought requires involved style, the more involved the more profound, does not appeal to the Latin or Anglo-Saxon or Celtic or even to all Teutonic minds. If a prophet delights in accusations, and surely Jeremias, Amos and Isaias did, they should be justified and true. I am afraid the great Russian is all too one-sided a Slavophile and an anarchic romantic to be a good prophet. His glorification of the Middle Ages makes him unjust toward all other periods. His analyses of a sociological kind all brush Truth and carry a great deal of plausibility, but somehow they are like all his thinking—warped. He denies that you can speak of just and unjust wars. To him war is a phenomenon outside any sort of morality. It is strange how close the fiercest antagonists of Karl Marx always come to the arch-foes' tenets!

Many of the theses of Berdyaev, like Sorokin's, will be gladly received by our Catholic intelligentsia, especially the ones which prop up our customary cultural pessimism, our prevailing isolationism and our negativism. We like to beat the breast of our time in ringing condemnations. The book is bound to be a success in spite of its confused and rambling tortuosity—in our ranks. It flatters our collective ego as a minority and our Ghettoish resentment. I feel it's too sweeping, too childish and too negative to redeem as prophets do. Try to finish it. It is stimulating.

H. A. REINHOLD.

The Roots of the Tree. Helen Todd. Houghton. $2.50.

MISS TODD won the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship in 1939 for her biography, "The Man Named Grant." Quite the antithesis of that bellicose general is the hero chosen for her novel, a repressed and methodically idealistic German author, whose historical romances have won him an international reputation. Reinhard Eysen finally left nazi Germany on account of his hat—it was knocked off his head in the street by an exasperated party-man—and the incident suddenly suggested that even a celebrity's calm rhythm of life might be threatened. The hat is the only flicker of frivolity in this painstakingly serious study of the literary exile's reactions in a Mid-Western university. His *heimweh* is finally assuaged in developing the genius of one of his students and in discovering that an old tradition can find roots even in a new soil. "A man cannot be exiled from himself." Mrs. Todd's purpose is impeccable, but her story is handicapped by a climatic dullness. The one thing harder to read would be the philosophical novel about Otho the Great, by Reinhard Eysen.

E. V. R. WYATT.

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The Inner Forum

Catholics and Cooperatives

THE *Queen's Work* of St. Louis and the National Catholic Rural Life Conference have jointly brought out a thirty-page pamphlet indicating the lively interest of Catholic leaders in consumers cooperatives. The bulk of it is a series of quotations from recent Popes, American bishops and other leaders in Catholic social action. One of the most interesting citations comes from the famous "Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction" which was issued in this country directly after the last war. Here is one of the citations from that program: "In addition to reducing the cost of living, the cooperative stores would train our working people and consumers generally in habits of saving, in careful expenditure, in business methods, and in the capacity for cooperation. When the working classes have learned to make the sacrifices and to exercise the patience required by the ownership and operation of cooperative stores, they will be equipped to undertake a great variety of tasks and projects which benefit the community immediately and all its constituent members ultimately . . ."

The pamphlet in question, "Catholic Churchmen and Cooperatives," concludes with a brief bibliography of books and pamphlets which may be purchased from the Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Avenue, Des Moines 12, Iowa. It also lists a dozen magazine articles from such journals as the *American Catholic Sociological Review, Central Blatt and Social Justice,* THE COMMONWEAL, the *Ecclesiastical Review, Land and Home,* the *Queen's Work* and *Social Justice Review,* dealing with various phases of the cooperative movement. It also lists the New York and Chicago offices of the Cooperative League, the Cooperative Department of the Farm Credit Administration in Washington and the *Queen's Work* and National Catholic Rural Life offices as centers for cooperative information.

Earlier this month a Rural Life rally commemorating the centennial of the Cooperative Movement was held in Westphalia, Iowa, a village of 118 inhabitants which last year saved $44,000, or 22 percent, on the $200,000 business done through their local cooperative. The Westphalia credit union boasts deposits of $80,000 as well. Delegates to the rally came from all parts of the United States, from the West Indies and from South America.

CONTRIBUTORS

Paul VIGNAUX was for many years in close personal relations with the men and movements he describes in his article; he is at present living in New York.

Yves R. SIMON teaches at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.; his article first appeared in French in *La République Française,* New York.

Harry SYLVESTER has just completed his second novel, "Dayspring."

William AGAR devotes most of his time to Freedom House. He is a geologist.

Rev. J. N. MOODY is a Naval chaplain.

Francis DOWNING is assistant educational director of the UAW.

Jerome MELLQUIST is a New York art critic.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is pastor in Sunnyside, Wash.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World.*

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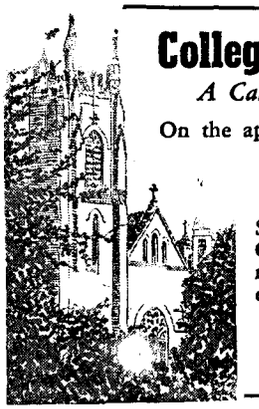

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